THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1299.

Original Poetry.

LITTLE KATE. A BABY DITTY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wilt not in thy cradle lie,
Little Kate?
Never sleep to close those eye
Canst not wink?
I will sing a song to thee,
Then those eyes will turn to me.
Pleased and quiet thou will be,
Little Kate.

Now is hushed thy sweet appealing,
Softly o'er those eye is stealing
Slumber's weight;
O'er thy limp hand and arm,
Beautiful and soft and warm,
Powerless to shield from harm
Little Kate.

But no harm can come to thee,
Little Kate,
Round thy bed all silently
Angels wait.
The fair spirits we cannot see,
Cannot see thine misery,
But they love to talk to thee,
Little Kate.

"Oft hast thou heard
See that broadly waking gaze,
Little Kate
Joyously her inside up saw,
All slate.
And she wonders with delight,
While a warm heavenly bright
Seems to pass before her sight,
Little Kate.

Dost thou see them, darling, say,
Little Kate?
Are they teaching thee the way
To Heaven's gate?
Have they wings of shining white,
And soft eyes of loving light,
Beaming down upon thy sight,
Little Kate?

Nothing can the lisped or hear,
Little Kate,
Scraps of a purer sphere
Round her wait.
And sweet measures her lips move,
Like the rustling of a river,
Full of joy and full of love,
Little Kate.

Do they say—we love thee dearly
Little Kate?
We will to thy cradle early
Come, and late?
For we love thine form so fair,
Little cheeks of the earth,
Precious clay of mortal birth,
Little Kate!

Then the heaven is unknown,
Little Kate,
It is all in thee, alone,
Darling mine.
See, she talketh earnestly,
Lists the music floating by,
Utters one low word and reply,
Little Kate.

Very sweet thy baby talk,
Little Kate,
Well may angels round thy bed
Watch and wait.
For thy little soul is bright
Beaune with smiles, and happy light
Dances in the blue eyes bright,
Little Kate.

If I ask a boon for thee,
Little Kate,
It is not that thou should'st be
Rich or great;
But we know with upward eyes
Ever struggling to arise,
Holding converse with the skies,
Little Kate. IDA.

OUR LAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY C. I. SMITH.

We love the land that gave us birth,
The refuge of the brave and free,
The home of the oppressed of earth,
The terrestrial paradise;
Her Heaven ordained laws we love,
So place and power have none,
From man to man that nobly prove,
Equality of rights is done;
That spot of Craft or creed she tests,
And loved but nature's just interest.

Original Tales.

REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT.

THE DISHONORED CHECK.

A Tale of London Life.

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First let us introduce Frederick Harrison to our readers. There he is, a rather good-looking, gentlemanly man—not handsome, but decidedly not ugly—rapidly approaching thirty, but somewhat young looking, for his age—well and expensively dressed, (we are drawing from memory) in the "Regent Street" manner in frank free and hearty, and his habit's somewhat indolent and careless. Yet withal, he is shrewd, clear, and sagacious—and more than all, is one of those rare beings who have made their fortunes by their own exertions, and remained in Bachelor blessedness. Frederick had commenced with very various acts of folly to the sober age of two score years.

Frederick had emigrated to the thriving colony of the Cape of Good Hope, some twenty years previous to this time, and had managed by farming, cattle breeding, and trading, to amass a very considerable fortune, without becoming irredeemably, very himself, a circumstance mainly attributable to the polish which the best society in Cape Town afforded. After seventeen or eighteen years of successful toil, although himself but young, he felt like to take a few years sojourn in his native land, and enjoy himself by mingling in the pleasures so vividly portrayed in all fashionable novels.

Off he came to London, and established himself in spacious chambers in the neighborhood of the West End. Here he studied the established models of fashionable life, and having by his letters of introduction made for himself the most privileged and exclusive circles, he abandoned himself to the easy, gentlemanly sensities of fashionable life. He was not content to be wholly a drone, and therefore opening an account with a Banking House in London-based street, with the original stipulation that his people and—it's very odd when they have nothing else to do, they cannot keep correct accounts. I must go down directly.

The public little imagine how very difficult it is for bankers to keep even people's accounts correct; and as for themselves—they will get wrong in spite of fate.

"Robert, order the cab immediately—brush my hat—give me out a black cravat—bring me the Quarterly Review and breakfast quick, I'm in a hurry.

"Breakfast sir—yes sir," said Robert vanishing. "And the Quarterly Review from my dressing room."

"Review—dressing room—yes sir," and Robert vanished.

Breakfast and the arguments of the Quarterly were digested together—and Frederick fell into one of his indolent moods, and at last thought he would not trouble himself to go to the city that day; he had an engagement at 3 o'clock, and it would interfere with that.

The next post delivery at 12 o'clock, brought him a couple more letters. One from Hancock, Drummond & Lloyd, his bankers, he opened first—they expressed their surprise and regret that his check for 1,250*l.* on Glyne, had been returned to them dishonored, and wished to see him immediately in order that so very unusual a circumstance might be explained, and funds placed in their hands to relieve the check. They concluded by silently signing their very hearty approaching settling day, and urged his immediate attention to the note.

"Quite true bankers—this is too bad, here am I to be preached to, almost insulted, by a trad'ng cringing city people, through their carelessness and neglect." And so saying, Frederick tossed the letter contemptuously into the fire.

The other was a dirty crooked billet, scrawled villainously on coarse paper. It was to this effect:

"Sir, I am very much surprised that that check you paid me for the horse, turns out a bad one, and not worth nothing; I took it to the banking-house, and they looked at it and examined a lot of books, and then chuckled it at me again, and said "no effects." I want the money, I tell you, and they said "no effects," and so after pressing them a good bit, they at last ordered me off. I am a quiet man and a gentleman should have away a horse from a poor man and take me in with a bad check. My lawyers, Messrs. Lovi & Shirks, says they think it's swindling. And so I would advise you to pay me in money or real bank-notes.

"And I remain, sir,
"Your humble servant.
"MOSES HODGE."

"Thunder and lieds," said Frederick, "these fellows deserve a good cudgeling, and they shall have it too, the whole lot of them. Here's a position to be placed in through their mistakes—insulted by a country horse dealer who has caused a disturbance in a public banking-house about my check, and after having probably sneered it to every body in the establishment, me a letter accusing me of swindling—so, so. It's too bad upon my honor; it's too bad. Confound their assistance, I'll—no, I won't, I'll be cool, very cool, cutting and contemptuous—I'll treat such snobs as a gentleman ought, and as only a gentleman can." With a savage scowl of disdain on his lips, our magnanimous hero walked lofitly down to his cab, and drove at a steady pace, lashing and cursing by the time he arrived at Lombard street.

Arriving at Glyne, he handed his card to the bank porters, and requested to be shown in to one of the partners. After waiting a few moments he was ushered into one of the parlors and was received by a pleasant, middle aged gentleman, who enquired his business with most unexceptionable politeness.

"So—ho!" thought Frederick, "they want to smooth me down, but it won't do—I'll let them know my consequence, and I'll give them a touch

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Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868.

TERMS.

1 COPY,	$3.00	PER ANNUM.
4 COPIES,	10.00	"
7 "	15.00	"
13 "	20.00	"

The money must always be sent in advance.

Small Sums of silver fractions received in payment at par.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sunday Pictorial Family Magazine" will be sent one year each.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Godfrey's Magazine, and one copy of "Sunday Pictorial Family Magazine." To any one of the "Saturday Evening Post," and one copy of "Sunday Magazine."

We will send one copy of Graham's elegant Magazine and two copies of the Saturday Evening Post for $5. Or for one copy of Graham's Magazine and two copies of Graham's Magazine for $10.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive many pieces that are unsuitable on account of their length. Three or four good verses are better than twenty bad ones—and a short tolerable piece will find acceptance, where a long piece of equal merit is refused. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind.

THE AUTO SOUBRAVY OF AN UMBRELLA, is good of its kind, but we fear the design does not admit of sufficient elevation. Our correspondent will remember that even Cooper failed in something similar—*his Armitage's supply of a Pocket Handkerchief.* We will see what can be done with the poetry.

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THE ENGLISH CHARTISTS.

Taking a profound interest as we do in all that relates to the improvement of the condition of the race, especially of the poorer classes, which constitute the great mass of the inhabitants in every country except our own, we have been deeply affected by an article which we recently saw in the New York Tribune, gathered, as it says, from the North American Review, the organ of the English Chartists, containing an account of a plan which they have adopted, and by which they hope to better their condition.

And what is this plan? Not revolution or anarchy, those old weapons of oppressed and downtrodden men; not murders and burnings, such as have made Irish peasantry have unhappily so frequently resorted—but the organization of a National Society, for the purpose of raising money to buy back from the great landholders of England, a portion of that land, from which formerly belonged to the people of England, and which was wrested from them by William the Conqueror, and conferred upon his favorite soldiers.

The English Chartists, who comprehend in a great degree, the people of England, have come to the conclusion that their chief cause of their misfortunes is the monopoly of land by the nobility. Doubtless this is in a narrow sense, one cause; and yet it is itself only one of the effects of the selfish principle upon which all the transactions between man and man are now conducted, and which the Chartists themselves uphold as the only possible and practical rule of life. But, believing as they do, the land is the chief cause, they have taken the step which must necessarily and obviously be as slow and gradual in its operations, demanding years, yea even ages, for its accomplishment, as that which could only have been adopted by men of the greatest sagacity, deeply impressed with a love of law, and a hatred of everything that wears even the appearance of injustice.

But to unite men minutely into their project. Each member of the Association "contributes a small sum weekly or monthly, not as a gift but as a well secured investment." The aggregate is to be employed, as fast as it will suffice, to purchase estates in fee simple, divide them into lots of two, three and four acres, build a small comfortable dwelling on each. At this cost, the subscribers to the Fund draw lots for the privilege of first occupancy of the residences, so to merge these little holdings as tenants of the National Association into absolute freeholds. Subsequent lots, as the incoming contributions are to swell the fund secretly devoted to the redemption of the Land and the burial of the Working Classes thereon, until the whole shall ultimately be freed from the curse of monopoly and Landlordism. Already a very considerable little fund has been raised, as stated above, and the statistics made thereon to some thirty or forty members of the Association.

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And speak them, that the people of England, in their noble efforts to bring out of the worthless remnants of the Feudal System of Land in a free market, a power and better state of society, where justice shall be truly done between man and man, the Christian cannot but wish them success and God speed. The hostile is not the only one that wounds, but be the very life and soul of a new order of things.

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We do not believe in the fears of editors, who are so fearful that their good qualities will be overlooked by the community, that they are always calling attention to their transcendent merits and indulging in self-glorification; and yet we like to contribute to the notice of the high compliment in relation to the Post, that we often see in various quarters, in order that the friends who express such flattering opinions of it may know that we do not overlook but properly appreciate them.

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Well, the man that would act in this manner, we reckon, may gather sum of money as a compensation for a wife's unfaithfulness, must have no sense a soul, that we almost pardon her for running away from him. Such a man would have agreed to her absence in the first place, for double the sum. The brute—to make merchandize of his wife's affections!

THE POST.

We do not believe in the fears of editors, who are so fearful that their good qualities will be overlooked by the community, that they are always calling attention to their transcendent merits and indulging in self-glorification; and yet we like to contribute to the notice of the high compliment in relation to the Post, that we often see in various quarters, in order that the friends who express such flattering opinions of it may know that we do not overlook but properly appreciate them.

The following notice which we observed the other day in looking over our exchanges, may serve as a sample of what folks will say of us. The first is from the Saturday Night, and the next from a late paper published at Boston, Mass., and which we trust receives what it is worthy of, a liberal patronage:

"Among our exchanges, there is no paper which we prize more highly than the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. It is a large, two dollar weekly, and is conducted with spirit and talent."

The other is from the Pennsylvania Republican, published at York, Pa., a very pretty and well edited country sheet, one of the prettiest in fact which we have the pleasure of receiving in exchange:

"The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, as it is the oldest, is one of the very best of the city weeklies. *Indeed we prefer it to either of the dollar weeklies* that we have received. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind.

THE AUTO SOUBRAVY OF AN UMBRELLA, is good of its kind, but we fear the design does not admit of sufficient elevation. Our correspondent will remember that even Cooper failed in something similar—*his Armitage's supply of a Pocket Handkerchief.* We will see what can be done with the poetry.

The Lines by *Ramon*, hardly come up to our standard of fine.

We will endeavor to find room soon for *Quiz*; and for a portion, at least, of I. K. T.'s communication.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Wm. Boggs, formerly of Bath, New York, who is in answers for the paper.

Of Charles Hall, formerly of *do. do.*

Of A. S. Price, formerly of Richmond, Va.

Of A. and Wm. Pyne, formerly of Baltimore, Md.

Of J. T. Hildreth, formerly of Johnstown, New York.

Of Asa H. Gleason, formerly of *do*

Of Mrs. S. Riddle, formerly of Springfield, Ala.

Of Lieut. Wm. Lee, formerly of Portsmouth, N. Carolina

Of Jas. Kyle, formerly of Columbia, South Carolina

Of W. B. Kyle, formerly of *do.*

Of T. W. Berry, formerly of *do.*

Of W. Van Wyck, formerly of *do.*

Of G. and E. C. Pollock, *do.*

Of C. R. Black, formerly of *do.*

THE ENGLISH CHARTISTS.

Taking a profound interest as we do in all that relates to the improvement of the condition of the race, especially of the poorer classes, which constitute the great mass of the inhabitants in every country except our own, we have been deeply affected by an article which we recently saw in the New York Tribune, gathered, as it says, from the North American Review, the organ of the English Chartists, containing an account of a plan which they have adopted, and by which they hope to better their condition.

And what is this plan? Not revolution or anarchy, those old weapons of oppressed and downtrodden men; not murders and burnings, such as have made Irish peasantry have unhappily so frequently resorted—but the organization of a National Society, for the purpose of raising money to buy back from the great landholders of England, a portion of that land, from which formerly belonged to the people of England, and which was wrested from them by William the Conqueror, and conferred upon his favorite soldiers.

The English Chartists, who comprehend in a great degree, the people of England, have come to the conclusion that their chief cause of their misfortunes is the monopoly of land by the nobility. Doubtless this is in a narrow sense, one cause; and yet it is itself only one of the effects of the selfish principle upon which all the transactions between man and man are now conducted, and which the Chartists themselves uphold as the only possible and practical rule of life. But, believing as they do, the land is the chief cause, they have taken the step which must necessarily and obviously be as slow and gradual in its operations, demanding years, yea even ages, for its accomplishment, as that which could only have been adopted by men of the greatest sagacity, deeply impressed with a love of law, and a hatred of everything that wears even the appearance of injustice.

But to unite men minutely into their project. Each member of the Association "contributes a small sum weekly or monthly, not as a gift but as a well secured investment." The aggregate is to be employed, as fast as it will suffice, to purchase estates in fee simple, divide them into lots of two, three and four acres, build a small comfortable dwelling on each. At this cost, the subscribers to the Fund draw lots for the privilege of first occupancy of the residences, so to merge these little holdings as tenants of the National Association into absolute freeholds. Subsequent lots, as the incoming contributions are to swell the fund secretly devoted to the redemption of the Land and the burial of the Working Classes thereon, until the whole shall ultimately be freed from the curse of monopoly and Landlordism. Already a very considerable little fund has been raised, as stated above, and the statistics made thereon to some thirty or forty members of the Association.

Such a proposition may be sneered at by the adverse, but look at the possibilities presented by it. Suppose the artisan of the British working class were to join the Association, and, by denying themselves Liquor, Beer, Tobacco and other debasing indulgences, save but a single penny each day, being per week each, to the National Fund. The aggregate receipt would be about twelve millions of dollars per month, which at an average of one hundred dollars per acre, would redeem sixty thousand acres of land, and invite twenty thousand families on lands owned by the Association. *So much would be placed on a condition to employ themselves at all times when no one would pay them more than they could earn at home.* And beside the rapid accession of members which may with certainty be expected, there would be added to the next year's $12,000,000, the sum of the sixty thousand acres already redeemed—say $120,000—and so the Fund would go on increasing year after year, at a far more intensive force, until every purchasable acre had been peaceably restored to the cultivators, when the equitable adjustment of holdings to good effect could be made and each cultivator become a freeholder, holding only to sell again into the clutches of Monopoly!

What there was a nobleness! spectacle than this would the world present! The toiling and laboring of a great country, contributing their little earnings to raise a sum that will place at least some of their number in a position to become freeholders, so that as the thought of the great nobleness of such efforts passes through, on, dwells and grows in our mind, we feel as if not of these Englishmen or strangers, but as friends and countrymen and brethren—children of the same Almighty Father, and fellow-creatures in this mysterious vale of Time. We cannot think of them as of those who may possibly be made by the friendly contact of Trade or Commerce, our enemies. We feel that they are our true kindred, that we are brothers in the great work of humanity, and that we are laboring for the whole earth, and considering more virtuous and just and happy than before men.

And speak them, that the people of England, in their noble efforts to bring out of the worthless remnants of the Feudal System of Land in a free market, a power and better state of society, where justice shall be truly done between man and man, the Christian cannot but wish them success and God speed. The hostile is not the only one that wounds, but be the very life and soul of a new order of things.

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FAIR SALARIES.

The salaries of the different Professors of the High School, in this city, average from about one to two thousand dollars. There is one professor at $1,100; four at $1,350; and another, the principal, at $2,000. Too many persons make a mistake in supposing that any one is fit for a schoolmaster; it has, we have heard that, in some places throughout the country, that when a man is fit for nothing else, he is fit for a schoolmaster. It is not always so, as we have said, a great error. If you would have children properly educated, you must employ persons of superior mental parts and acquirements must be singled out for their instruction. And be it remembered, that such men can only be procured by the payment of fair and liberal salaries, such as are somewhat equivalent to what they could earn in other pursuits.

DANGERS LOOK OUT!

Our young friends near Harrisburg will have to *mend their steps*, for we perceive that the New School Presbytery of that place have come to the conclusion, as will be seen by the annexed resolution, to call the dances they can find in their church "over the coals," but first make them dance in accordance and not quite so hilarious as before.

Resolved, That it is the deliberate conviction of this Presbytery, that the practice of round Christians (*why not by others?*) is in its tendency sinful; that it thereby encourages the spirit of the ballroom for admonition, and if persisted in, of discipline; and that we commend every appropriate effort which a pet feels to suppress it.

FANNY FORESTER.

We learn that on the 5th instant, Miss Emily Chubbuck, whose *nom de plume* of Fanny Forester is so well known to the reading public, was R. Judson, D. D., the first American Missionary to India. The account does not say when the Rev. Dr. Judson died, but it must have been in 1846, his third, we believe, fair wife. Well, every one must do as they please—this is a free country—but if we had been Fanny, we should not have married Mr. Judson when we had been—to India, first.

A CONTRADICTION.

We see a telegraphic despatch in some of the country papers, to the effect that a woman has been sent to prison in this city for the fourth time, and each time for "Contempt." Now, we are willing to specifically beg leave to contradict this story. We don't know anything about it—but we contradict it—That's all. It is never heard of a *Philadelphia* lady doing such a thing.

LOVE AND SUICIDE.

We learn from the Cincinnati Times that a beautiful young lady, in Hamilton county, Ohio, has been compelled by her father to marry a gentleman of Urbana, Ohio, whom she detested, and that another, took poison in her coffee the morning after her marriage, while at breakfast with her husband and parents, and expired in less than an hour.

Notices of New Works.

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY AND RESEARCH within the ARCTIC REGIONS. *By Sir John Barrow, Bart., F. R. S. 1 vol. Harper & Brothers, New York.*—The author has written no account of the voyages within the Arctic Regions from the year 1818 to the present time. Captain Virgoe undertakes parts of the world are a work increasing, opening as they do to the mind, the knowledge of the habits, and the customs of the people. For instance, the following, taken from Franklin and Richardson's journal, which we accidentally opened to a account and description of the Esquimaux Indians, is quite interesting:

"Some of the Esquimaux Dogs, which we had purchased from the natives, were observed to be with young, and as they were of a breed much superior to the Indian dogs, we were desirous of preserving the puppies, if they should prove females. Accordingly, when the bitches littered, we selected the best puppy in each litter, and killed the rest. The puppies thus preserved were regularly taught to draw, and were treated with much kindness. Their docility and sagacity soon rendered them very valuable, and they became the favorites of the whole crew. Their fondness for their masters was manifested in a very remarkable manner. Whenever we left the ship, they followed us on the ice, and when we returned, they were frequently found lying on the deck, with their heads resting on the arms of the officer of the watch, who had been their kind protector during our absence. Their sagacity was also very remarkable. They knew perfectly well the time when the people went to dinner, and would not quit the ship at that time, although they were allowed to go on shore at all other hours. They were also very expert in finding out the direction in which we were to proceed on our journey, and would frequently run on before the sledge, and look back to see if they were followed

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James B. Swain, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Swain, A. J. Tapscott, and D. Lovejoy.*

JOHN WRIGHT Canada, West, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson.*
JNO. F. JOHNSTON assisted by *Wm. Stevenson.*

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THOMAS REVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM SCOTT is our Travelling Agent in Penn.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

Congressional News.

We have the satisfaction of announcing to our readers, that the terms of a treaty in relation to Oregon, have been agreed upon between this country and Great Britain. The compromise of the Treaty, as offered by Great Britain and received by the Senate, are substantially these. That all the land lying north of the centre of the Rocky Mountains to the Ocean, or more strictly to the Strait of Fuca, leaving to the Hudson's Bay Company the free navigation of the Straits of Fuca being open to both parties.

The vote in the Senate upon advising the President to accept this proposition, was as follows

For advising—Evans, Upham, Phelps, Webster, Dix, Miller, Dayton, Simmons, Phelps, Webster, Miller, Dayton, J. M. Clayton, T. Clayton, Pearce, Johnson, Allen, Foster, Johnson, Morgan, Haywood, *McDuffie, Calhoun, Berrien, Colquitt, Evans, Fairfield, Speight, Chalmers, Johnston, Turney, Mouton-land, Benton, Allen, Woodbridge, Atherton, Hale, Houston, Bagby*—36. 29 Whigs, 18 Democrats.

Against advising—Fairfield, Jenness, Atherton, Dickinson, Cameron, Woodbridge, Allen, Benjamin, Semple, Breese, Cass and Jarnagin—12. The last named gentleman was governed by what he regarded as an expression from the Legislature of Tennessee in his course. 11 Democrats, 1 Whig.

Absence.—Mr. Crittenden and Mr. Barrow at Fortress Monroe, Mr. Bright at Home, Mr. Westcott with the Chamber, not supporting a vote. Mr. Cowan was confined to his lodgings by sickness, we are sad to, but did not announce reason in votes—Mr. Atchison had paired off with Mr. Crittenden, and did not vote.

The Treaty, it is said, is already drawn up, and is thought to have been sent in to the Senate on the 12th. It is to be discussed with closed doors in secret sections—and will undoubtedly be ratified by a very large vote.

There is a rumor afloat in Washington that Mr. Pakenham, sent a special messenger to the Pacific the moment war was declared to exist with information of the fact, and that the Commander of the British naval forces in the Pacific has orders to take possession of Monterey and San Francisco, in the contingency of a war breaking out between the United States and Mexico, for the purpose, it must be of such a force as to prevent the possibility of the possession of California. We think, however, that this is a mere rumor.

On the 13th, in the Senate, Mr. Allen rose, and admitting that his views were not in accordance with those of a majority of the Senate, yet as he considered leave to be entered upon longer service as Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations.

Mr. Crittenden complimented Mr. Allen, and said that as the declaration of Mr. A. might leave him (Mr. C.) as Chairman, he would not consent to serve.

Mr. Allen was then unanimously excused.

The resolution offered by Mr. Houston to meet hereafter at 11 o'clock, was taken up and rejected—ayes 23, nays 24.

The Senate then took up the Post Office Appropriation Bill

Mr. McDuffie made a speech against the scheme of the Postmaster General for carrying a Mail to Europe in Ocean War Steamers.

On the 16th a message from the President, transmitting the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, was received. The Report recommends the reenactment of the Tariff, and the imposition of duties on free articles. Legislation may resort to direct taxation, loans authorizing to issue Treasury Notes, or to negotiate a loan to meet any probable contingency. The Bill for the relief of Texas has been terminated, and says that he is ready to exercise the award, and to offer the olive branch of peace, wherever she shall exhibit a disposition to do so in justice.

The letter from the Secretary of the Treasury enclosing estimates for the service of the year ending the deficiency for the year ending the 30th of June, 1847, at between twelve and thirteen millions of dollars, recommending the issue of Treasury Notes, or issue of a portion of the amount of Treasury Notes, at six per cent., and the remainder by loans. The message was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, and ordered to be printed.

In the House on the 15th Mr. Schenck from the Committee appointed to investigate the mode in which Mr. C. J. Ingersoll obtained his information from the State Department, relative to the charges against Mr. Webster, made a report, accompanied by the testimony taken before the Committee.

No resolution is accessed—but the House is left to draw its own inference from the testimony. It was understood that the report is in some of the subordinate officers of the State Department are implicated, and to some extent that a copy of the testimony be submitted to the President.

A resolution was received, but not acted on authorizing the President to give to Texas notice to each private soldier on the Rio Grande.

Mr. Stewart moved a suspension of the rules for the purpose of introducing a resolution providing for the termination of the present session on the 20th of July. The motion to suspend failed; by yeas 87 nays 82—not two-thirds.

The House, on the 15th, proceeded to consider the Naval Appropriation Bill and to vote on the several amendments proposed.

The amendment repealing the loan authorizing the erection of a Naval Depot at Memphis, Tenn., and authorizing the remainder of $500,000 appropriated for that purpose, which was stricken out, was to be expended in erecting a Hope Walk at Memphis, was adopted, ayes 95, nays 72.

A motion was made to reconsider the vote adopting the Sectional Dry Dock at Philadelphia and carried.

The question then recurred on the original motion and it was rejected, ayes 58, noes 130—when the Sectional Dry Dock for Philadelphia was rejected.

One or two more amendments to the House adopted and the bill put on its final passage.

The bill was then passed by a vote of 124 ayes to 5 nays.

On motion, the House, by a vote of 140 ayes to 11 nays, went into Committee of the Whole on the Civil and Diplomatic bill, and by a vote of 113 ayes to 70 nays, took up the bill to alter the Tariff of 1842.

On the 16th, Mr. McDowell, of Ohio, moved a suspension of the rules with a view of offering a resolution denouncing the action of the Senate in advising the President to adjust the Oregon dispute upon the basis of the 49th degree, and setting forth that it is the duty of the House and Senate to postpone their action upon the same, and submit it to the people for their consideration. The motion to suspend was lost by a vote of yeas 77, nays 115.

FIRE IN QUEBEC.

FORTY-SIX BODIES FOUND.

From the Quebec Mercury, June 13.

It has again pleased the Almighty to afflict our already chastened city.

Last night at 10 o'clock, a fire broke out in the Theatre Royal, St. Lewis street, (formerly the Riding School) at the close of Mr. Harrison's exhibition of his Chemical Diorama. From the information we have been able to glean, a Camphine lamp exploded, and set fire to some scenery, and the stage at once became enveloped in flames.

The house had been densely crowded, but some had left before the accident.

A rush was at once made to the staircase leading from the boxes, by those who, in the excitement of the moment, forgot the other passages of egress.

In an incredibly short space of time the whole of the interior of the building was enveloped in one sheet of flame, and the fearful scene of confusion, during the pit, and communicating at each exit with the stage and boxes, favored the progress of the flames.

By our side was one brother striving to extricate another, but abandonment was unavailable. One poor creature at our feet offered his entire worldly wealth for his rescue; the agonizing expression of his face, as he was carried to the pit from our memory.

The flames at the time were above and around us, and escape at all was of no avail—in few minutes from the time of which we make mention, the mass of human beings were a heap of dead, and those who were in the enjoyment of a full and active life, were exposed to our view a mass of calcined bones.

Up to this hour forty-six bodies have been recovered from the ruins. Most of them have been recognised. This is a greater loss of life than in the most disastrous conflagration of last summer.

In this city, scarcely a street can be traversed in which the closed shutter or the hanging sheet of flannel does not denote bereavement. Fathers, sisters, children of both sexes, indulge in the most heartrending grief. We also fallen upon many for those who were then suddenly and awfully summoned into the presence of their Creator.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

The schooner Merchant, at Charleston, brings advices from Havana to the 10th inst. The papers contain the following letter from Vera Cruz, dated the 4th inst., which announces the arrival of Santa Anna in the capital, and the commencement of his administration:

Mexico, June 3.

Gentlemen: I have the pleasure to inform you that I arrived at this capital on the 1st inst., and that I have assumed the Presidency of the Republic.

It is said that Paredes will march on Matamoras, and that he has collected a strong army, the largest portion composed of the body of troops called Reserve. The departure afterwards of the army in front advancing, the battalion of Zapadores, the 4th regiment of cavalry, and the 4th of infantry, and the 4th of artillery, and the 4th of infantry, and the 4th of artillery, and the 4th of infantry, and the 4th of artillery

Selected Poetry.

A VICTORY.

The joy-bells peal a merry tune
Along the evening air;
The crackling bonfires lure the sky
All crimson with their glare;
Bold music fills the startled streets
With mirth-inspiring sound;
The gaping summer's coldness greets
Within them shouts around.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Hozza! hozza! a Victory!"

A little girl stood at the door,
And with her kitten played;
Her wild and boisterous shout she bore
That very pestering maid.
Selfish her clerish tones gladly utter:
Her eyes with fear is filled,
And rushing in at-door, she cry'd-aware—
"My brother Willie's killed!"
A thousand joyful voices cry,
"Hozza! hozza! a Victory!"

A mother sat in thoughtful case,
A knitting by the fire,
Plying the needle's thrifty task
With hands that never tire.
She wore her few gray hairs, and shrieked
"My joy so much is done!
Oh! who will buy me ice to my grave?
Oh, God! my son! my son!"
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Hozza! hozza! a Victory!"

A youthful with the threshold crossed,
With matron's crosses bound;
A smiling infant nestling by
In slumber at her breast.
She spoke no word, she lowered no sigh,
The widow's tale to tell;
But like a corpse, all white and still,
Upon the earth fone fell.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Hozza! hozza! a Victory!"

An old wreck man, a weak load of snow,
And years threw more and less,
Looked in upon his cabin-home,
And angels at him flew.
He help'd not wife, nor helpless baby,
Marrow nor little maid.
One smiling tear, one choking sob—
He knelt his dew, and pray'd.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Hozza! hozza! a Victory!"

Choice Selections.

FROM THE WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

UNCLE TIM'S FIRST AND LAST MATCH-MAKING.

"Nephew! nephew!" cried Uncle Tim, starting up from his easy chair.

Frank heard his uncle, but was rather disinclined to answer to the call. He was about to ride out with his cousin Isabelle. He paused were at the door; Isabelle's little foot was upon his hand in her progress to the saddle; and then, just at that critical moment, came that loud call.

Nephew Frank!"

"Don't go," said Bel, with a pleading look!

"How can I help it?"

"Pretend that you didn't hear him.

"That will be all very well, but see! there is his good humored visage looking down at us from the second story window. Yes to one he only wants me to load up his gouty feet. I wish to Heaven that he would get one of the servants to do it. Ever since I did it once when the men were all absent, he has got the notion into his crabbiness that no one but myself understands the operation." And Frank tied the horses to the post, and prepared to attend the summons.

"Nephew!"

"I am, sir—coming!"

Be quick, Frank," said Bel.

Frank entered the house, and found that his uncle had no discomfiture of his guest. In fact, the old fellow had been revolving over and over an idea which had seized him, in regard to settling his nephew and niece, and he concluded that it would be a pleasant variety to his usual sedate life, if he should turn match-maker and pick out some eligible alliance for each of his young charges; so when Frank arrived, Tim wheeled up a seat for the young man opposite his own chair, commanded him to sit down, and then prepared to broach the momentous subject.

"Nephew!"

"Well, uncle

"You're getting to be quite a large fellow."

"I ought to be, considering that I'm twenty-two."

"You're handsome, too, though you may not have known it before."

"Oh yes, I knew it, for cousin Bel told me so the other day; answered Frank, smilingly tapping with his riding whip his patent leather boot.

"Well, Frank, I think it's about time you thought of getting married.

"You don't say so"

"Yes I do," said uncle Tim, lighting his pipe, for he began to get slightly excited. "I think you had better marry some rich person, and then you can set up an establishment."

"Yes. You know what I mean by that. Dogs—guns—horses—and everything of that kind," and uncle Tim, drew in a large mouthful of smoke, as if to attract how perfectly he was satisfied with the picture of rural felicity he had drawn.

"You see, nephew," he continued, "that although I am going to make you my heir, yet your cousin Bel must come in for her half of my property. This will make your share about one thousand pounds a year, not quite enough for a spirited young man to live upon. So I want you to marry."

"Whom shall I marry?" Frank asked, as if it were a matter of perfect indifference to him.

"Why, I've been thinking of Squire Golding's daughter."

"She don't care anything for me, and besides her father hates me."

"That causes no manner of difference. If you work it right you can make her like you, and then all the fathers in the world couldn't keep her back. There's nothing under Heaven so well to manage as a willful girl. And hearken, nephew, if the Squire tries to make a fuss and to keep you from coming together, persuade the girl to run away with you. I'll lend you my chaise for the purpose, and if you succeed I'll buy you the best pack of hounds in the country."

"Thank you, uncle, you're very kind," said Frank as he moved towards the door.

"And so, nephew, I'll consider it all settled. Send Ed to me. I want to talk with her

In a few moments in came Ed. With a blush she took a seat and waited for the conference to begin.

"Bel

"Well, uncle."

"You're very beautiful.

"So cousin Frank told me.

"I want you to get married."

"Lor, uncle"

"I want to set your cap, for young Squire Edwards."

"Oh fie, uncle. You know that old Edwards wouldn't hear of such thing. He pays a great deal upon his high family, and would rather shoot his son, than have him marry a poor girl like me."

"You mistake. I take the latter into account at all. You can easily captivate the young Squire, and then if the father sneers, run off."

"Lor, uncle."

"Yes, run off. Why bless you, it's more common things than you have any idea of. To let you into a secret, Frank is going to run off with Squire Golding's daughter."

"Did he ragdem promise to do so, uncle

"Not exactly, for he seemed rather bashful but he didn't make any objections, and I know that he will try to please his uncle."

"Well, uncle Tim, if Frank runs off, I'll run off too." And Bel departed with a slight smile upon her beautiful face.

Things go better than I expected," muttered uncle Tim, as he pulled away at his pipe; "and I thought I should be obliged to argue a long while with them, but they don't seem to dislike the idea. My only fear now is, lest when they're married they'll forget all about me and never come to see me, and that will make me feel very lonely indeed."

Two weeks afterwards, while uncle Tim was finishing his third glass of madeira—for it always would drink madeira, although the doctor repeatedly told him that it didn't agree with him—Frank rushed in, looking very silly.

"What's the matter, Frank"

"I've done it, uncle."

"Done what?"

"Put my head in the noose. In fine, uncle, I've taken your advice, and am going to run away with my lady love."

"Bless you, Frank, I knew that you would try to gratify me. You'll send the chaise; I suppose?"

"Yes; this afternoon."

"Well, take it, and make yourself a happy man." Frank had scarcely departed when in came Bel.

"Uncle?"

"Well"

"Uncle?"

"Well, I say. Why don't the girl speak out?"

"I'm going to run away; this afternoon."

"Indeed! How curious!"

"Why?"

"Do you know that your cousin is going to do the very same thing, at the same time? What a curious coincidence?"

"Is it is?"

"Where do you meet your lover, Bel?"

"Down by the hazel grove at the bridge."

"Well, well, my girl, you make me happy."

"But, uncle, there is one thing yet. Suppose we should be pursued?"

"True. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send off this very minute for Squire Edwards to come and drink madeira with me, and I'll take care to keep him here; and while I think of it I'll do the same service for Frank, and invite Squire Golding also.

Here Frank entered, and told his uncle that the chaise was ready, and that he was come to bid good bye.

"Good bye, Frank. Look go with you. There's a hundred pounds for you. It isn't much, but then you know you'll come back with a fortune. Frank, do you know that Bel is going to run away, too?"

"Is it possible? What a curious coincidence!"

"Just what I was myself saying, but a minute ago. Now I want you to drive her round to the hazel grove, by the bridge. She's to meet her lover there, and it's full two miles off. I'm afraid she'll be too tired, if she walks."

"Of course I'll drive her round there," said Frank, and both the runaways left their uncle's presence, and were soon rolling off in the direction of the bridge.

"How happy I am, that it's all come out so well," said Uncle Tim to himself, as in spite of the gout, he danced over the floor. "How most Squire Golding and Edwards will be when they find out how I have cheated them!"

The two Squires accepted uncle Tim's invitation, and punctually came to drink madeira. Uncle Tim was in a capital humor. He laughed continually, and astonished with wit and anecdote, that Squire Golding agreed with Squire Edwards that they had never met such a pleasant host.

Talking about Golding," said Uncle Tim, "how near to a house do you think one would venture to come?"

"Not within half a mile," said the guests, unanimously.

"And would you believe that last night my nephew actually shot one before this window"

"Impossible"

"It's fact." The bird was a plump one, and was roosting upon that tree, just as a hen would. You can't see the branch from where you sit, but if you'll come to the window, I'll point it out to you. Hallo!" shouted Tim, as the three nephews approached the sash.

"What's that?"

"Not another partridge?"

"No! But those persons walking together?

"Who are they? Why, my son and Squire Golding's daughter," said Squire Edwards.

"Strange," said Uncle Tim, trembling so much with agitation, that the guests began to think that the gout was making another visit.

"Why it is exactly as I feared," said Squire Golding. "They are to be married next week, and I see no thing improper in their walking together."

Uncle Tim smelt a rat, but he prudently said nothing. Yet for the rest of the afternoon he was remarkably taciturn, so that the guests began to think that their visit was a mistake, and it was before interesting, and soon took their leave.

Still Uncle Tim smoked his pipe in silence until at length took a decanter of wine, when the door opened announced the return of the chaise. In a minute, Frank came down stairs, and Bel leaning on his arm.

"Ah, you young rascals!" said Uncle Tim.

"You're not angry with us, are you, uncle?" said Bel.

"Angry! To be sure not. I've been wondering why I never thought of tying you together before. My only object in sending each of you three miles was, that you might have an establishment of some two thousand pounds, and here I have been beating about the bush when the true way was directly before me.

"And you won't forget the promised pack of hounds?" Frank suggested.

"Forget them! I'll give you hounds, horses, everything even to a wheaten set of stirrups.

"Nay," continued Uncle Tim, a moment afterwards, thinking it a proper occasion to be facetious. "I'd not even give you my eldest friend the gout, if you want it.

L.

WEALTHY MEN.

A list of the taxable inhabitants of Boston has lately been published, showing the value of property owned by individuals and firms. The Daily Star says:

It shows up some very snug little purses, and cottage properties belonging to our substantial men, though falling below the actual property owned by some of them. It may be interesting to give a few of the items, of the latter sort.

Benjamin Adams is marked $174,000; Francis Amory, $147,000; Ebenezer T. Andrews, $52,000; Samuel Appleton, $378,000; Nathan Appleton, $500,000; Wm. Appleton, $300,000; Samuel Atkins, $1,000,000; John W. Bradlee, $221,500; Gardener Brewer, $207,000; Peter C. Brooks, $1,150,000; Bryant & Sturgis, $631,700; Henry Codman, $1,000,000; Thomas W. Cunningham, $271,400; Edmund Dwight, $180,000; Ebenezer Francis, $207,400; Henry Gardner, $171,500; William P. Gibbs, $176,000; Sarah Greenleaf, $150,000; George Hallett, $182,800; John Hancock, $310,000; George Hayes, $145,000; Benjamin Humphrey, $200,000; Henderson Inches, $174,000; William Lawrence, $470,000; Abbott Lawrence, $754,400; Amos Lawrence, $1,000,000; Inches & Belknap, $184,000; Joseph Lovering, $136,000; Richard Martin, $153,700; William P. Mason, $150,000; Samuel May, $151,000; Otis Norcross, $157,200; H. G. Otis, $371,000; James Parker, $650,000; Daniel P. Parker, $183,000; Peter Parker, $200,000; Amos Parker, $171,000; George Parkman, $300,000; Jonathan Phillips, $500,000; Joseph Quincy, $207,200; John Reed, $330,000; Reuben Richards, $214,400; Edw. H. Robbins, $450,000; John W. Rollins, $200,000; Thos. Russell, $200,000; George C. Shattuck, $404,000; Robert G. Shaw, $600,400; John Tappan, $141,000; John P. Thorndike, $227,700; John W. Tuft, $424,000; Phineas Upham, $455,000; Thomas B. Wales, $500,000; Thomas and Wm. Wigglesworth, $1,000,000; John C. Warren, $205,500; John Wells, $455,000; Thomas Wentworth, $374,000; Moses Williams, $187,500; William P. Winchester, $400,000.

In this list, which we take alphabetically, we have not mentioned the poor people of only a hundred thousand and another million of them have set upon his high family, and would rather shoot his son, than have him marry a poor girl like me."

"You mistake. I take the latter into account at all. You can easily captivate the young Squire, and then if the father sneers, run off."

"Lor, uncle."

"Yes, run off. Why bless you, it's more common things than you have any idea of. To let you into a secret, Frank is going to run off with Squire Golding's daughter."

"Did he ragdem promise to do so, uncle?"

"Not exactly, for he seemed rather bashful but he didn't make any objections, and I know that he will try to please his uncle."

"Well, uncle Tim, if Frank runs off, I'll run off too." And Bel departed with a slight smile upon her beautiful face.

Things go better than I expected," muttered uncle Tim, as he pulled away at his pipe; "and I thought I should be obliged to argue a long while with them, but they don't seem to dislike the idea. My only fear now is, lest when they're married they'll forget all about me and never come to see me, and that will make me feel very lonely indeed."

Two weeks afterwards, while uncle Tim was finishing his third glass of madeira—for it always would drink madeira, although the doctor repeatedly told him that it didn't agree with him—Frank rushed in, looking very silly.

"What's the matter, Frank"

"I've done it, uncle."

"Done what?"

"Put my head in the noose. In fine, uncle, I've taken your advice, and am going to run away with my lady love."

"Bless you, Frank, I knew that you would try to gratify me. You'll send the chaise; I suppose?"

"Yes; this afternoon."

AGRICULTURAL.

CRETAN OR WALLACHIAN SHEEP.

THE WALLACHIAN SHEEP.

In Wallachia, Crete, and through most of the Archipelago, the sheep is bred for the purpose of being milked in much the same manner, standing in a perpendicular or diverging position, and the fleece is used for cloths of the head to some height. In size and shape, they are tolerable, bearing a long, shaggy but not coarse coat.

MORRELL'S AMERICAN SHEPHERD.

FROM THE OHIO CULTIVATOR.

I make no pretensions to sheep husbandry; but I am looking for a friendly fad if such is the sheep and swine. and I suppose some notice of the above work may not be unacceptable. Experienced breeders may kindly find it profitable to obtain the book; the novice, who is attempting to rear sheep on a large scale, could scarcely fail to be benefited. The history of the different breeds of sheep is pretty fully given; and an abstract of the views of Mr. Morrell, one of the most distinguished sheep growers in this and foreign countries.

The following principles seem to be maintained in the work under review:

1. That the dishonest breeds, from black to snowy white, with huge fore or loss rumps, with small or monstrous tails, with long and shaggy locks, or with short and silken fleece, or coats of hair, and with horns, from two to six, or with none, all spring from one original stock—such, probably, as Abel fed.

2. That the breeder has it in his power to counteract, to a considerable extent, the evil influences of climate, and govern in his advantage the quality of the fleece, the size and form of the animal, and the quality of the mutton.

3. That one of the most effective means, is to breed from such parents only as possess, in an eminent degree, the qualities desired.

4. That the long, pure blood is of great value, because, in cross-breeds there is a constant tendency to the original form, and to the loss of the property, and especially is this true, until after the fourth and fifth generation.

5. That the size has a decided influence on the wool and form of the progeny; and the mother, on the external structure, nervous temperament, and the constitution.

6. That large size, round form, early maturity, and great propensity to fatten, are the qualities desirable in a mutton sheep; that these can be combined with a fine fleece and a hardy constitution, the two most important objects where the wool is the object.

7. That the same loop will produce an equal number of pounds of carcass, whether given to sheep of a small or large breed.

8. That the Merino and Saxon breeds, and especially the latter, are not so prolific nor so likely to raise their lambs, as the varieties with medium wool—such as the South Down and Cheviot.

9. That the natural range of the sheep were high and mountainous; therefore, from reason as well as experience, the hilly districts promote their health, vigor, and longevity.

10. That a cold climate tends to produce fine wool; and a hot climate a coarse; thus, in Africa, where man is scanty, sheep are hairy.

11. That a changeable climate produces uneven cases in the fiber of wool, and favorable tempera ture, a fiber of equal size and strength, and hence, one argument in favor of sheltering sheep in our cold and changeable winters.

12. That shelters for sheep should be well aired, and be constructed as to leave the sheep at full liberty to remain under them or not, at pleasure.

13. That sheep need a diversity of food, in with its and summer, and so strong is this their nature, that they will winter better on straw, alternated with hay, than on hay alone, and especially, if the hay is made of the best of grass only—as pure timothy, pure red-top, &c.

14. That sheep are at all times, decidedly the better for grain, or succulent food, and during the winter especially, during the feeding season at least once in a week, of gum, linseed-oil, or other heavens, or turnips, carrots, apples, or potatoes, or cabbages, or mangel-wurtzel, or sugar-beets, or pumpkins.

15. That grain is unnecessary in the production of fine wool.

16. That the finest and best wool is produced when the sheep is kept in good condition, neither fat nor poor, and when sheep are made very fat at one time, and very poor at another, the wool has an uneven and brittle fiber.

17. That regular feeding is essential to the health and longevity of the animal, as well as the goodness of the wool; that the regularity should include stated hours to feed, and a fixed quantity for each meal.

18. That it is of the very first importance, that sheep be not permitted to loose flesh in the fall, when commencing to feed them, and to avoid this, the best hay should be given, as soon as the pastures are injured by frost.

19. That sheep should be kept in flocks not exceeding one hundred.

20. That in sowing grass seeds for sheep, which are intended for pasture or hay, more than a bushel should be put on the same ground, and among the cultivated grasses, timothy, herds grass, and blue grass, should be the main reliance, and clover (that will mixed with either of these, for hay.

21. That corn, in the quantity of a bushel to one hundred sheep per day, is very useful to ease, for three or four weeks before lambing.

22. That after lambing oats is better than corn, because it contains a large amount of the principles necessary to form milk; the bran and sheets of the oats, two quarts per day, with roots and cuts and corn, ground and mixed with bran and sheets.

23. That bucks should be let to the ewes, from the middle of November to the middle of December, so that the young sheep may bear the rigors of winter, and have, in consequence, a hardy constitution, and a fine and heavy fleece.

24. That in washing, or feeding to their age and sturdiness, may serve from 25 to 100 ewes, and should have good keeping during the service, and for some weeks before and after.

25. That to prevent fighting, but one buck should be in the same flock at once at the same time.

26. That rams, lambs, and wethers, should be separated and kept in distinct flocks; and these should be again subdivided, according to their health and strength.

27. That on lands of an average good quality, and in good condition, one hundred sheep may be kept on thirty acres, winter and summer.

28. That highly cultivated districts, tend to make the fiber of wool brittle and harsh; while the fine stone soils produce the toughest, most pliable, and most desirable article.

So far as I am able to judge, the foregoing embraces the prominent doctrines of the book, except the medical department. It is hoped that experienced sheep growers will inform us whether they believe the above principles are sound or not. Among the maintainers of the work are several persons who could contribute much information on sheep husbandry, and I would be glad to see essays from their pens. May I not name Dr. Holliway, and J. Holliway and sons, of Belmont: and Judge Halleck, of Warren county.

On looking over, I see that I have neglected to state, that the system of breeding on and in, is condemned by the author and all his correspondents, as tending to destroy the constitutions of the progeny. It may also be remarked, that Mr. Ewing, of Pa., is of opinion that the winter pasture, or fields in which blue grass is permitted to grow in summer to be eaten off in winter, is the cheapest and best pasture for sheep where lands are cheap and abundant.

E. NICHOLS.

Hollowding, O., 1846.

PEACH TREES.

Bags of salt have been recommended to be placed around peach trees as a preventative against the worm which is supposed to be the cause of their dying generally at the age of five or six years. This has undoubtedly proved good in some instances, longer than they would have lived; yet it has not proved an infallible cure.

Mr. Abel Fisher, of this city, has discovered a novel mode of reviving peach trees. Three years since, he noticed that one of his best and youngest bearing trees was dying, and thinking it would bear no more, he cut off the limbs, leaving nothing but the trunk; and then, merely for an experiment, he scraped it; and tied a salt cod fish around it so high as to be out of the reach of dogs, with the raw side to the bark, and left it to rot. The drippings from the fish would run down the trunk. Shortly after this, the tree sprouted, and grew quite thrifty and the following year bore peaches. Last year Mr. F. gathered from it a bushel of fine large fruit. This spring it was more backward than usual in blossoming. Mr. F. thinking that the virtue of the fish had possessed might have become exhausted, has removed another, and bound that in the same manner around it. The tree has blossomed, and in all probability will produce a fine crop of peaches the coming harvest, as it looks as healthy as any other in the garden. Now whether it was the virtues of the fish, or the effect of the lense that the fish contained, which caused the tree to bear, I cannot say; but he is certain it would have died, like other trees around it, had it not been for the assistance it received as above. We think the remedy worth a trial.

Mr. F. is experimenting on some other trees in the garden in the same way, and will be able to judge with more certainty hereafter. In the meantime it would be well for others to try this experiment—although they may be the same benefits from it that Mr. Fisher has.—*New Jersey Eagle.*

☞ Mr. Wm Chandler of Lexington says he has grown a full pail of the best Green seed, in a cow after calving, and he has not suffered by it. He also finds no difficulty in raising pigs from fat hogs. He is more fortunate in that than some farmers are.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

BOTTS.—A correspondent of the Albany Cultivator has given his horse half a pint of vinegar, half a pint of gin, half ole of soft soap, and half ole of molasses, well shaken together and poured down which is fanning. He says that what he supposed to be the "botts."—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Choice Poem.

THE WREATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

There wove a maid and plucked the flowers
That grew upon the sunny lea;
A lady from the greenwood came,
Most beautiful to see!

Unto the maid she friendly came,
And to her hand a wreath she gave:
"It blooms not now, but soon will bloom.
Oh, wear it on the grave!"

And so she maid in beauty grew,
And wedded the mellow moon bestrid,
And weeped pearls from her tender, sweet,
Began to bind the wreath.

And when the maid, in beauty grown,
Changed to a mother all she could,
Her tender mother-arms became,
And she spreading wreath crown.

A golden fruit was seen.

And when was weak in death and sight
The tender wife laid down her head,
Then shook amid her shaken locks
A golden leaf and true.

Soon lay she, too, in silent death,
And still the dear-loved wreath she wore.
Then bore the mould'ring wife wondrous wreath
Both fruit and bloom it bore.

WITCHCRAFT.

A correspondent of the Public Ledger furnishes the following transcript of some proceedings in Pennsylvania in 1683, relative to an alleged case of witchcraft. It will be seen that the fine was perhaps as wise and sagacious a one as could have been rendered. The case is as follows:

At a Council held at Philadelphia, ye 7th 11th Mo. 1683. Margaret Mattson and Yeakre Hendrickson were presented for being reputed witches whereupon this bound Ordered, that Neals Matson should Enter into a recognizance of fifty pounds for his Wife's appearance before this Board at the next Instant. Jacob Hendrickson doth the same for his Wife.

At a Council held at Philadelphia ye 17th of ye 12th Mo. 1683. The Grand Jury being attended, The Gov'r gave them their charge, and the Attorney Generall attended them with the presentm't."

* * * Page Missing.

The Grand Jury made their returnes, and found the Bill.

Ordered that those that were absent of the Petty Jury shall be fined six each man.

Margaret Matson's Indictment was read, and she pleads not guilty, and will be tryed by the Countrey.

Jones Cook attested interpreter between the Prop'ry and the Prisoner at the Bar.

The Petty Jury Impannell.

Henry Dr yntest attested, that he was bound 20 years ago, that the prisoner at the Bar was a Witch, and that severall Cows were bewitcht by her; also, that James Stonebridge's mother told him that she betwitcht her cow, but afterwards and it was a mistake, and that her Cow should doe well

again, for it was not her Cow but an Other Person's that should dye.

Charles Ascheom attested, saith that Anthony's Wife being angry at the assistance he gave Cattle because her mother bat Bewitcht them, having taken the Witchcraft of Hendrick's Cattle, and put it on their Oxen: She myght Keep but not Other Cattle; and also that one night the Daughter of Prisoner called him up hastily, and when he came she sayed there was a great Light but Just before, and an Old woman with a Knife in her hand at ye Neild's feet, and therefore shee cryed out and desired Jno. Simcock to take away her Calves, or else she would send them to Hell.

* * * *

Anakey Coolin attested, saith her husband looks the Heart of a Calfe that Dyed, as they thought, by Witchcraft, and Bayled it, whereupon the Prisoner at ye Barr came and sayed shee knew what they were doing; they said boyling of flesh; she said they had better they had Boyled the Bones, with several other unseemly Expressions.

Margaret Mattson saith that she vallues not Dyonetus's Evidence, but if Sandford's mother had come, she would have answered her; also deposeth Charles Ascheom's Attestation at her Soul, and saith, where it my Daughter? let her come and say so.

Annakey Coolin's attestation concerning the Calfe's Heart, saying she was never out of the Counce, and also that she never said any such things Concerning the Calve's heart.

After wch the Court gave the Jury their charge concerning ye Prisoner at ye Barr. The Jury went forth, and upon their Returne brought her in Guilty of having the Common fame of a Witch, but not Guilty in manner and forme as she stands indicted. Jacob Mattson and Allice Nielson Either into Recognizance of fifty pounds apiece for the good behavior of Margaret Mattson for six months.

Ordered that Jacob Hendrickson enters into recognizance of fifty pounds for the good behaviort of Yeakre Hendrickson for six months.

The Instructor.

Why soul *it formerly the practice to break a pace of gold or silver in token of a verbal contract of marriage and betrothment?*

Because one half might be kept with the woman, while the other part remained with the man as his—What if ye call it," alludes to this practice.

Yet, Luscius, permit us, see we part,
Thou to thy Lucy, I to my heart.
Fichet: Breaking the Ninepence! As this denies, this one we term in twain.
Note: Libanius (the sister) And, as this comes, this may we meet again.

Why were certain *ideas of good fortune attached to casting money?*

Because, in the preceding custom, the piece broken between the contracted lovers must have been a crooked one. Thus, in *Hudibras*

Like Commendation Nonpareae creak't,
With to and from my love is look't.

a circumstance confirmed also in the Commissar, No. 56, with an additional custom, of giving locks of hair woven in a true lover's knot. "It in the knot," says the Commissar, "a certain spell is said to be, that the two lovers on a true lover's knot, or broken a crooked sixpence with him, she thinks herself assured of his invincible fidelity." This "knot token" has not been overlooked by Gay

A simpence bent
A token kind to Rosalind is sent.

Why is a ring used at weddings?

Because it was used anciently by the heathens, in making agreements, given, &c. because it has doubtless been applied to the most solemn of our engagements.

The antiquity of rings is attested by Scripture. Thus, when Pharaoh constituted the government of all Egypt to Joseph, he took his ring from his finger, and gave it to him as a mark of power. The Israelitish women also wore rings, not only on their fingers, but also on their nostrils and ears. In an old Celt worm, scribing the invention of the ring to Tubal Cain, we find this pretty conceit. "The Ring round, posies appoint, which, if it round and without end, importeth thus much: that their continual love and hearty affection should steadily flow from the one to the other as a circle—and that continually and for ever." Herrick has wrought the quaintness with great felicity

Give me a ring as slender as round
Is no where bound
To flow or ease to sever
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold *Saturne*.

Mr. Brand says, "this allusion, both to the form and metal of which the ring is composed, is elegant. Were it not too long, it would be the best poem for a wedding ring that was ever devised."

Why did disaffected lovers return each other's presents?

Because, as a Ms. in the Harleian Library states "by the Civil Law, whatsoever is given, expressa *causa forgotten thereof*, is to be restored back again."

SONNET.

BY E. F. ELLIOTT.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Shepherd! with meek brow wreathed with blossomy crown,
Who guard'st thy timid flock with tenderest care,
Who sing'st in sunny paths their wandering feet,
And the young lambs dost in thy bosom bear.
Who lend'st thy happy flock to pasture fair,
And at night watch'st the noon of day,
Cautious lest wolves from the silent air,
What time they linger on the verdant way.
—Good Shepherd! might one grateful heart strain
Of that immortal melody sink deep
Into the soul, and pierce to carnine sleep,
And melt by powerful love its seven fold chain,
Oh! then my soul the voice should know, and flee
To mingle with thy flock, and ever follow Thee!

ORIGIN OF BET.—The following is said to be the origin of the signature "Bet." A little brother of Mr. Dickens, so much resembled the Misses in the "Vicar of Wakefield" that he went by that name in the family, but a younger girl who could not then articulate plainly, was in the habit of calling him Bone or Bet. The recollection of this simple circumstance led him to assume the name in the first article he published, and he afterwards continued to use it.

Salmagundi.

A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

I am for a plain, simple love, without any embroidery.—*Freeman of London.*

A fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart is the sun and moon; for it shines bright and never changes.—*Shakspeare.*

I love thee! but I do not think
The form is perfect grace,
Nor that the cheeks of Venus dwell
In the features of thy face.
I love thee! but I think I've seen
A smaller foot than thine;
I also think I've seen before
An ancle much more fine.

I love thee! but a brighter eye,
A rudder cheek I've known—
A whiter forehead, and a mouth
Much prettier than thine own.
I love thee! but I know I've seen
A whiter neck and hand,
And yonder that same ringlet waved,
When by the breezes fanned.

I love thee! but I do not mean
To flatter thee, and swear
That there act perfect and divine,
When I don't think you are.
I love thee! but if then my love
Dost scorn, I never do
Intend to pine and die for thee:
And yet I love thee true.

I love thee! for I never saw
One of the women kind
More richly decored with the gifts
Of a pure and noble mind.
I love thee! for there never was
A heart more true than thine,
Or one that could so thrillingly
Responsive chord with mine.

DOUBTFUL SAYINGS.

IT IS THE INFIRMITY of little minds to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

IT HAPPENS TO MAN OR LEARNING, as to ears of corn; they shoot up and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

HE THAT IS TRULY POLITE knows how to conduct with respect, and to please without ostentation; and it equally removed from an air of impudence, and a low familiarity.

THE FAILINGS OF GOOD MEN are commonly dealt with in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches than all his virtues praise; such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

IT IS HARDER to avoid censure than to gain approbation, for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

☞ It is announced in the London circles that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer has just finished an historical play, which he has sold to Maddox, the lessee of the Princess's Theatre, for six hundred pounds.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 10, 17, 4 and 9 is a river in England.
My 6, 14, 12, 17 and 18 is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 3, 7, 14, 11 and 8 signifies to do Moscow.
My 6, 11 and 13 is a river in Europe.
My 2, 16 and 7 is a town in Africa.
My 8, 11, 17 and 8 is a town in Maine.
My 6, 2, 18 and 3 is a cape in the Roman Empire
My 16, 2, 13 and 8 is a river in Europe.
My 16, 2, 7, 13 and 18 is a town in Maine
My 3, 15, 5 and 7 is a town in Asia
My 6, 9, 2 and 6 is a river in Maine.
My whole is the name of a weekly periodical.

T.

CHARADE.

My first must surely mean to wail
With great vehemence;
And yet it does your hand uphold
As you ascend a throne.

My second is a worm—no doubt,
By sun, as well as land,
We've caught the former and found out
True what they must grand.

But, now my total bursts along,
The Roman way's a joke, sir,
I only hope 'twill prove as strong,
And not all end in smoke, sir.

M.

RIDDLE.

We are little easy creatures,
All of different sizes and features.
One of us is glass is art;
One of us is made in jet
One of us is cut in fet.
And the fourth a box we're within;
If the last you should pierce,
It can never be torn you.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is that which ten two people together, and touches only one.

Why is a banner with a faded ribbon like a lamp burning dim?

Why does the eye resemble a severe schoolmaster?

Why is a chicken like a window?

What color is the devil?

Why is a room full of married folks like a room that is empty?

The connection is our last, "Why is a Mayor like a cow?" It is simply because he is a horned cattle, as all abroad." Perhaps, though, some of our readers will be able to show us by the time, is a Mayor is like a cow.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
ALEXANDER LE STRANGE.

ENIGMA.
MRS CHARLES BURKE.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION
40 Weitzes, 80 Rows, and 120 Lambs. Ans for a Weitzes, 10s. for a Row, and 6s. for a Lamb. Or 30 Weitzes, 75 Rows, at 6d Each, or 10 Lambs, at 6d Or 10 Weitzes at 30s., 22 Rows, at 10s., and Lambs, at 3ds., &c. Admits of several answers.

CHARADE.
Gander.

CONUNDRUMS.
IT MAKES HAY SURE!
HE HAS AN ATTACHMENT TO CARRY ON. (Carriage.)
HARDSHIP BUT ONE YEAR.
ON HIS FEET.
A SHARPER.
MUSICK.

Fun and Frolic.

A LAWYER'S STORY.—Tom strikes Dick over the shoulders with a rattan as big as your little finger." A lawyer would tell the story in this way: "And that whereas the said Thomas, at the said Providence, in the year and day aforesaid, in and upon the body of the said Richard, on the peace of God and the State, then and there being, did make a most violent assault, and inflicted a great many and divers blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, bumps, contusions, gashes, wounds, cuts, damages, and injuries, in and upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, hips, knees, shins, and heels, of said Richard, with divers sticks, canes, poles, clubs, logs of wood, swords, rapiers, swords, daggers, pistols, cutlasses, bludgeons, blunderbusses, and boarding pikes, then and there held in the hands, feet, claws, and clutches of him, the said Thomas.

A CALCULATING LOVER.—A young man in an adjacent town, says the Chicago Democrat, was mightily smitten with a young lady whose father had a hotel, which most either make or break him, and found it hard work to get encouragement in the affirmative, and was expressing a desire for immediate marriage, when he thus interrupted her: "I can have the refusal of you for six months with the privilege of renewal, can I?"

PRIZE JOKE.—The editor of the Lynn Pioneer proprietors the following: "A man who sells his newspaper business belongs to a high order of folly.

ECONOMY IN WHALE.—Whaling shots now an exchange paper, boast them out. When they get dirty rub them over with chalk, or whitewash them.

☞ I've just looked in to see if you are done well, as the cook said to the lobster, when she lifted up the saucepan lid.

☞ There are 50 less than nine thousand different variation of cones, and fifty varieties of pinks.

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VOLUME
Origina
THE EYE THAT
WRITTEN FOR THE
BY T. HE
There is an eye that
Eye by moonli
That like poesie
Round our pathw
Be we in shell, o
From a sunbeam
Knows the heart
But that eye doth
That stirs our ble
Tireh never, on
Word, or water, o
Of its kindly ligh
Be the bark of sor
Hull of mast or
Yet that eye that sl
O'er our wanderi
Like a mother's
Up from death or
Spirit of which it
Up from death or
Pilgrim, in the dese
Mariner, on the
Where some blood
Long'er to flow th
On the desert dark
In the tempest's
To life's flowery ra
Then shalt reach
Pilgrim, to that eye
Then shalt reach
Prisoner! pale, and
Tenant of the sou
Where the clang of
Smite the ear
Know the eye that
Maids that wear a
Maids the live lips'
Through the wor
Maids thee pain and
Through thy wail
Prisoner! on the
Pilgrim, to that eye
That dost laugh
Or the waves in sm
Bellow through th
While thy blood-cl
Tells of the cowering va
Lends to thy
Frame! on the bosom
Pilgrim, to that eye
Moderate! to thy va
By the moon's ear
Where the shadow
Drink the dagger's
Thing; the evidence
In the dim and fol
And the midnight se
Through the cur
Murderer! to thy vi
God's stern eye!
Origina
REMINISCENCES O
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Arrested at his chamber door, he was hurried to ton tiger. Frederick had not been apprised of the examination of his accomplice, Hall, which was a fact, suppressed until the trial, as the prosecutor feared that the latter would be tampered with by the friends of the former.

Hall Prisoner's Twenty Years.—As Hall's principal paper was that a letter written to him from the wreck of the Fury, which was sent to the Frozen Ocean in Capt. Parry's first voyage almost twenty years since, was found by a gentleman at Rondwood, when it was found to be as fresh as the day it was packed, and when cracked it was almost.

☞ The New York Sun says:—Such is the quantity of strawberries coming down the river that a boat's load was purchased on the wharves in New York and Erie Railroad, bringing forty thousand baskets each trip, and also, the road receives about four thousand dollars per week for the transportation of milk alone.

Reasons for Divorce.—A divorce has been granted in Connecticut to a man on the ground that the good lady, though other respects well, persisted in using her husband's nightcap to wipe the dishes. A divorce is also sued for in Vermont by a man on the ground that his wife was in the habit of taking one of his boots to the pantry to get water for dinner.

Separated.—A certain Quaker gentleman travelling in a stage-coach, was amused by the constant low of words kept up between two ladies. One of these was a Quakeress, and the other was not. At last the latter broke out with "Why, my dear Mary, replied Julia, "what could I do? I could take him at a pound.

☞ A gentleman asked a wag the other day for a reason why he never married. "Because I never was a bachelors!" The reply was, that they were obliged to be conversant in bed to keep their rest in, and to be silent to keep their peace.

☞ A lady, more remarkable for genius than for spiritual flirtation that practical godliness, remarked that she had been "converted" about six months, no less than six times, and was only seven